

The Hobbit Script In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Many ages ago, when this ancient planet was not quite so ancient... ..long before man recorded his history... ..there was the time of Middle Earth when man shared his days... ..with elves, dwarves, wizards, goblins, dragons and hobbits. In the lands of Middle Earth, in an area known as the Shire... ..there was a village named Hobbiton. There, in a hole in the ground, lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole... ..nor a dry, bare, sandy hole. It was a hobbit hole, and that means comfort. Bilbo Baggins? - I'm looking to hire a burglar. - Burglar? You've come to the wrong place. You mean you do not wish to share a grand adventure? Dear me, no. We hobbits are plain, quiet folk. Adventures make one late for dinner. Enough! I am Gandalf. And Gandalf means me! - Gandalf? Not the wandering wizard? - The same! Listen. Thorin and company, at your service. Dwalin, Balin... ..Kili, Fili... ..Dori, Nori and Ori. Oin, sir. And Gloin, sir. Call him Bifur. And him Bofur. And Bombur at your service. We are all at your service. What do these dwarves want in Hobbiton? They have come for tea, and for supper... ..and for you, Burglar Baggins! - There's a magic in that music. - And it moves through me. - You feel the love of beautiful things. - To go and see the great mountains... ..and hear the pine trees and waterfalls. To wear a sword instead of a walking stick. Just once. Gandalf, dwarves, and Burglar Baggins... What is this "burglar" business? If you prefer, you can say "expert treasure hunter." Well, yes, I do prefer that. We are met tonight in the house of our friend... ..this most excellent hobbit. May the hair on his toes never fall out. Hear, hear! We shall soon start on our long journey. Our object is, I take it, well-known to us? All of us? It is not well-known to me. Really? Then we must inform our burglar. We seek a treasure... ..that which is rightfully ours. Far off in the East... ..beyond the Misty Mountains and the dark Forest of Mirkwood... ..there you will find Lonely Mountain. Long ago, this was the home of my people... ..and was ruled by my grandfather: King Under the Mountain. The dwarves of yore made mighty spells While hammers fell like ringing bells In places deep Where dark things sleep In hollow halls beneath the fells Goblets they carved there for themselves And harps of gold where no man delves There lay they long And many a song Was sung unheard by man or elves For ancient king and elvish lord There many a gleaming golden hoard They shaped and wrought And light they caught To hide in gems on hilt of sword On silver necklaces they strung The flowering stars On crowns they hung The dragon fire In twisted wire They meshed the light of moon and sun Undoubtedly, all this wealth was what brought the dragon. The pines were roaring on the height The winds were moaning in the night The fire was red It flaming spread The trees like torches Blazed with light And below us, in the valley, lay Dale... ..a town of mortal men. The bells were ringing in the Dale The men looked up with faces pale The dragon's ire More fierce than fire Laid low their towers And houses frail The mountain smoked beneath the moon The dwarves they heard The tramp of doom They fled their hall To dying fall Beneath his feet, beneath the moon Curses to the dragon! Curses to Smaug! He killed our men and stole our gold! Curses to the dragon Smaug! Is this the adventure you've planned for me? To help you recapture the gold? None other. There are of you. Very unlucky. Mr. Baggins will make it . A splendid lucky number you've found for us. No arguments. Let us have the contract. "To Burglar Baggins: Terms for your professional services. One fourteenth of total profits. Traveling expenses guaranteed. Funeral expenses, if necessary. Sincerely, Thorin

and Company." - "Funeral expenses"? - Do you find the terms acceptable? - Of course he does! - But, but, but I... And so tomorrow begins your greatest adventure. No hat, no stick, no pipe. Not even a pocket handkerchief. How can one survive? - How did Gandalf get ahead of us? - He comes and goes at will. He is a wizard, you know. Oh, bother burgling and everything to do with it. Always remember, Bilbo, when your heart wants lifting... ...think of pleasant things. Eggs and bacon. A good, full pipe. My garden at twilight. Cakes... We'll camp here. Perhaps we can find a dry patch to sleep on. Our lookout has spied something. Look. Trolls! Miserable, no-good, robbing trolls! Where the deuce is Gandalf? Left us again. Just when a wizard would have been most useful. No matter. We have an expert burglar with us. - What have trolls to do with burgling? - We could use some of their meat. - Oh, I say! - Burglar, do your burgling! Blast! Nothing but mutton to eat! How I long... ...for a bit of man-flesh! Bacon and eggs. My fireplace. Hot chestnuts. - What the blazes?! - Help! Let me down! Stop that! What have we got here? Let's cook him and find out! He wouldn't make a mouthful. But maybe there's more where he came from. Dwarves! I'm done for! Run for it! Dwarves? Now that's a supper. Let's go get them all! Let us roast them. Boil them, says I! Each to his own, boys! There's plenty for all. I like mine raw. Dawn take you all, and be stone to you! The sun! Blast it! How did the morning come so soon? We're done for! Excellent. One moment. One moment! Where's that bumbling Burglar? Lucky number, indeed! Over here! Come see what I've found. Not bad, Burglar, for your first attempt. Oh, it was nothing, actually. We'll keep these. Deucedly fine blades. Considering they were made by trolls. They don't seem like troll blades to me. Probably stolen. - See these strange runes? - Whatever are runes? Ancient writing. Mine has them too. Can you make them out? I am not familiar with these letters. Well, whoever made them, we've got them now! Cover up the treasure, men. We'll fetch it on our return. Take that, Smaug, you filthy worm! I see you've also claimed a sword. Yes. Just a dagger, actually. But for one of my size, it suffices. Hurry, men, we must be on our way. - Hold! - Hold? It is time for you to have this. And what may that be? This is a map of Lonely Mountain... ...presented to me years ago by your father. What? Why did it not come to me, the rightful heir? I've chosen my own time to hand it over. Oh, I do love maps. I have quite a collection. I remember the mountain well enough without this! Indeed? And how do you intend to enter Smaug's chambers? Through the main gate, as a houseguest? You'd be ashes before you took your seventh step. Oh, see, look! This hand points from these runes to... Bless my soul! A secret entrance! - A hidden passage to the lower halls. - Excellent, Burglar! - I'm really quite good with maps. - Let me see. Yes, quite correct. But has it remained a secret all these years? It's too small for Smaug to use. It's covered by a door made to look exactly like the side of the mountain. Here is the key. I keep it safe. Of course I will! But if the secret door is hidden, how do we find it? - The map doesn't tell. - It does and it doesn't. You will understand in time. Behold, at last, Rivendell! The hidden valley of the elves, where Elrond dwells. Simply enchanting! - But we must be on. - Pity. Elvish singing is not a thing to miss... ...in June, under the stars. But... My dear Elrond, your hospitality is magnificent: The food, the wine, the stories, the music. Yes, but we've much to accomplish. You promised to have a look-see at these troll swords. Yes, yes, of course. Well, first of all, they're not troll-made. They must have been stolen. They were made for the Goblin Wars. This sword, Thorin, the runes name: Orcrist,

the Goblin Cleaver! - And mine? - Glamdring, the Foe Hammer. - I keep them well. - I will keep this in honor. - Now show me your map. - I have it here. Something strange. Let's see. Yes, indeed! There are moon letters here! See? What are moon letters? Runes that can only be seen when the moon shines behind them. They give directions for finding the secret door. "Stand by the gray stone when the thrush knocks... ..and the last light of the setting sun... ..will shine upon the keyhole." This way! Shelter! A dry cave! Now get some sleep, men. We've found the perfect place to camp. Dwarves have a strange notion of perfection. And where's Gandalf? Gone again? I wish I was a wizard! Hello! What's this? Look out! The ponies! The ponies! Wake up! We're being robbed! The goblins are upon us! Save the ponies from the goblins! Trapped! The goblins have us! Who are these miserable persons? Thorin at your service. We did not mean to trespass. We were merely seeking shelter from the storm. He is a liar, O truly tremendous one. Ask him to explain his weapon! This sword is named Orcrist, the Goblin Cleaver! Murderers! Elf friends! Stop! I know that sword! It is called Glamdring, the Foe Hammer! It's Gandalf! Good old Gandalf! Follow me! Quickly! Through here! Follow me! Bilbo! He's gone! Where are you? My precious. It is my precious. Hello, my precious. Bless us and splash us. Food for my precious. Eggs and bacon. Spoons all polished. Warm muffins and sweet butter. What is that noise, my precious? My precious does not know. Bless my soul! Hello! What's this? Nice souvenir to show the neighbors back home. If I ever get home. Who are you? Bless us, my precious. A tasty morsel it would make us. What is it, my precious? I am Mr. Bilbo Baggins. I've lost my dwarves, my wizard and my way. Mind you, I'm armed with an elvish blade! That's better. Perhaps you know the way out? But perhaps we sits here... ..and chats with it a bitsy, my precious? Lt... likes... riddles? Do I like riddles? Well, yes, after a fashion. It must have a competition with us. If precious asks and it doesn't answer... ..we eats it, my precious. Oh, I say! But if it asks us... ..and we doesn't answer... ..then we... ..shows it... ..the way out! - It seems I have no choice. - My precious... ..we makes the first riddle. Voiceless, it cries Wingless, flutters Toothless, bites Mouthless, mutters Can it... ..guess... ..the answer? Half a moment. Is it nice, my precious? Is it juicy? Gooey? Yucky? Is it scrumptious? If you please! Wind! Wind is the answer. Now, my turn. A box without hinges, key or lid Yet golden treasure inside is hid Let us give us a chance, my precious. Eggs! Eggs, it is! Oh, bother! Us now! Now us, my precious. I'm aquiver with anticipation! Now... This thing, alls things devours Birds, beasts, trees, flowers Gnaws iron, bites steel Grinds hard stones to meal Slays king, ruins town And beats high mountain down Well, interesting. Yes, now, let me see. What does it answer? What does it answer? Just a moment now! My precious... ..will it taste delicious? It will! - Give me some time. - What? What does it say?! I said time! Time! Whatever is the matter? It guess! Time is the answer! It is? I knew it all along. That's an old one. Well, fun's fun. Now, couldn't we get out of here? It's got to ask us another riddle, my precious! Blast, I can't think of another one. Ask! Ask! Oh, very well. - What have I got in my pocket? - Not fair! Not fair to ask my precious... ..what it's got in its nasty... ..little pocketeses! I'm sorry. That's my riddle. And if you can't guess it, you lose and show me out! My precious loses! But first... ..my precious shows it... ..his something pretty. - You wish to show me something? - My birthday present. Wait! Where are you going? My precious finds a ring... ..on his birthday... ..long ago. A golden ring. A magic ring! We must get my precious' birthday present from its

hiding place. Now what? He'll never guess my pocket contained this. Bless my soul! Where is it? My golden ring! My magic ring! Lost, it is. Lost! Lost! Curse us and crush us! My ring, lost! My precious remembers. He wears it before. And he drops it on the shore! Curse it! Curse the Baggins! He's found it! My ring! My birthday present! My, he does carry on. Bless my soul! The ring? Most definitely. My precious will find it! Will find it! The Baggins. My precious will crush it... ...and smash it! Better douse this. Where is it? Where is it? It is tricky. It says it doesn't know the way out... ...but it knows the way in, my precious. It must... ...know a way out! It's off for the back door. My precious must make haste to the back door. To the back door! How convenient. Well, follow the leader. It's not here, my precious. It's make an escape! Ta-ta! Thief! Thief! Baggins! We hates it! Hates it forever! Gollum thought I knew the way out and was trying to head me off. I merely followed him to the exit. We had to fight our way through the goblin guard. - How is it they didn't see you? - Oh, well... ...the art of burgling is really, you know... ...the art of being unobtrusive. Invisible, so to speak. Your story has the ring of truth. Yes, it rings true. You need say no more. We'd best get a move on. There are still goblins about. Oh, bother! More mountains? No. Don't you see? The sun is setting in the west, behind the mountains. We're on the other side, to the edge of the land beyond. - The Wargs! - With the goblins! - Help! - We can't go any higher! - My arms. - My poor legs! My legs! But what will they do with us? Drop us to our deaths? Who knows? But they've brought us a far distance with no dropping! Behold, the River of Wilderland below! By thunder! They're taking us to the edge of Mirkwood Forest... ...to dash us against those rocks, I know it! O Great Lord of the Eagles... ...we are eternally grateful for your gallant rescue. I have not forgotten the arrow... ...that brought me down so many years ago. I have not forgotten the wizard... ...who found me and healed my wound. And now... ...farewell, wherever you fare... ...till your aeries receive you at the journey's end. So this is the Forest of Mirkwood. Terrible place, if I remember. And dangerous. Now, now. The map shows the safest path. Follow it closely, straight through the forest. Don't stray off the track. If you do, you will never get out. You speak as if you weren't going with us. I'm not. I have pressing business away south. - Oh, no! He can't mean it. - What will we do without Gandalf? Please, don't leave us. I'm already late because of bothering with you people. I'm sending Mr. Baggins with you. That should be enough. - Mr. Baggins? - Bilbo? The burglar? Me? I'm no equal to a wizard! Nonsense. You are the lucky number. And you'll soon find out there's more about you than you guess. You, sir, will be my surrogate. My replacement, so to say. Here is paper and a marker. I keep a strict log of your journey... ...so I may study it when we meet again and point out your missteps. I can only do my best. Then that will have to suffice. To Gandalf: As per your instructions... ...I am keeping this log of our journey through Mirkwood Forest. I shall make good use of it someday as a basis for my memoirs... ...which I intend to call: There and Back Again: A Hobbit's Holiday. The days are terrible, and the nights are impossible... ...for we are hungry and thirsty. The berries which grow here are hideous. Everything about these woods is unpleasant. One day we decided someone... ...should climb to the top of the tallest tree and have a look. I couldn't argue. My contract is vague on several points. There are moments... ...which can change a person for all time. And I suddenly wondered if I would ever see my snug hobbit hole again. I wondered if I actually wanted to. I

awoke the next morning to a hideous surprise. Now I will give you a name. And I shall call you Sting! The rest of the morning I spent seeking my companions. And I found them, finally, in a place as black and terrible... ..as a patch of midnight that had never been cleared away. They'll make fine eating... ..when they've hung a bit! Go away! Go away! Bombur! I certainly could not let my companions, my comrades... ..become a meal for those hideous spiders. Action was called for. You are all free. I know the spiders' poisons have made you weak. But you must follow me. Quickly! Look! On the path ahead. There it is. It has freed our supper. Now we see you! We will eat you and leave your skin hanging in the tree. Grab it! I can hold them off! Run to the wood-elves' clearing! But, how can you...? I will do the stinging! Run. Swiftly now. We've trapped it now. Close the circle. It can't escape us! Lazy lob! Attercop! Blast! What is it? What is it called? Sting! Sting! Sting! Away! Retreat! We are no match for Sting! I joined my companions at the clearing of the wood-elves. But when I found them, I was in for another surprise. The wood-elves had returned, but armed for battle. The dwarves, weakened by their encounter with the spiders... ..gave up without a struggle. We traveled all day and night. Finally, we came to the palace of the Elf King... ..which was at the very eastern edge of the forest. We'd come all the way through... ..only to end up as prisoners. - Why did you dwarves try to attack? - No attack! We came to beg. We were starving. Why were you in the woods in the first place? - That is our business. - Very well. Take them away until they feel inclined to tell the truth... ..even if they wait    years! Greed. The fortune we were after was big enough to share with the elves. They'd make valuable allies against that old worm Smaug. Instead, they became the enemy, and we were their prisoners. And even though my invisibility allowed me to move about with ease... ..I had no way of opening the locks. So it was weeks before I found a way to free my companions. The river flowed under the caves. Deliveries of fine wines were brought up the river... ..by human men who lived on Long Lake. Now, wood-elves enjoy their wine, and the barrels were soon drained. Oh, stop complaining! I never promised to burgle you first-class accommodations. I'd come far, and through many adventures, to see it... ..and now I did not like the look of it at all! Within hours we'd reached the human colony called Laketown. A precise, if not too imaginative name... ..for the village was actually built on the surface of Long Lake. The descendants of the men of Dale still dared to dwell... ..and do business in the shadow of old Smaug's mountain. I am Thorin... ..grandson of IKing Under the Mountain! I have returned! Hail, Thorin Oakenshield. I am Bard the guardsman. We are honored by your presence. Your grandfather lives in our songs and legends. What help we can offer will be yours, and we trust to your gratitude... ..when the dragon Smaug is killed and your kingdom is regained. We were fed, fattened, given supplies... ..and two weeks later found us nearing the end of our journey. And chances were it would be a very horrible end, indeed. That smell! I've not smelled dragon before. All the halls within must be filled with his foul reek. And while Smaug slept inside... ..we spent our days searching for that elusive secret door. Then, one afternoon... And so, Gandalf, while I wait, I inscribe the final pages of your log. My only companion is an annoying bird, cracking snails. "Stand by the gray stone when the thrush knocks... ..and the last light of the setting sun... ..will shine upon the keyhole." Oh, my goodness! Wake up! Wake up! It's happening! By thunder! There it is! Thorin, before it's gone again, use your key.

Well, here we are. But what now? Now is the time for our esteemed Mr. Baggins to perform the service... ..for which he was included in our company. You must earn your reward. We do have a contract. You think it's my job to go in first? I've already gotten you out of two messes not in the original bargain. And who will come with me? Any of you? I see. Well, you are the burglar. Go down and burgle something. Very well. I won't refuse. Good luck. Thank you. I've begun to trust my luck more than in the old days. Now you're in for it at last, Bilbo Baggins. Why are you here? You've no use for dragon treasures. Feel the worm's heat, Mr. Baggins? A few more steps and you shall see... ..the old dragon Smaug at last. You can still turn back, you know. But to go on, to take those steps... ..that would be the bravest of all moments. Whatever happens afterwards is nothing. Yes, here is where you fight... ..your real battle, Mr. Bilbo Baggins. Do you go back? Well, thief... ..I smell you, feel your air. I hear your breath. Come along! Help yourself. There's plenty, and to spare. Thank you, oh, Smaug the Magnificent. I did not come for presents. I only wish to have a look at you... ..and see if you are truly as great as tales say. I did not believe them. Do you now? They fall utterly short of reality... ..O Smaug the Chiefest and Greatest of Calamities! You have nice manners, for a thief... ..and a liar. You know me... ..but I don't remember smelling you before. Who are you and where do you come from? I come from under the hill. And under the hill and over the hills my paths led. And through the air. I am he that walks unseen. You make riddles? What is your name? I am the lucky number, the web-cutter, the spider-stinger... Lovely titles. I am he that drowns his friends and draws them alive again from the water. I am the guest of eagles, the ring-winner and luck-wearer... ..the clue-finder and the barrel-rider. Barrel-rider, eh? Then I have guessed your riddle! You are one of those miserable... ..tub-thumping Lake-men! You and your town shall pay dearly for this intrusion! So the Lake-men would steal my treasure? Wait! You don't know everything. Not gold alone brought me hither. Be done with your riddles! What else brought you, Lake-man? Revenge! Revenge? Surely you realize that your success... ..has made you some bitter enemies. Revenge? You? Ha! I am Smaug! I kill what I wish! I am strong... ..strong... ..strong! My armor is like tenfold shields... ..my teeth are like swords... ..my claws, spears... ..the shock of my tail... ..a thunderbolt! My wings... ..a hurricane! And my breath... ..death! Well? Well?! Where are your riddles now? Very, very impressive. However... ..I have always understood that dragons... ..were soft underneath. Vulnerable. Especially in the region of the chest. You have heard wrong! I am armored both above and below. Well, I don't know about that. You "don't know about that." I shall show you! Look! What do you say to this? Rare and wonderful, eh? Dazzling! Marvelous! Perfect! Flawless! Staggering! Mag... Old fool! There's a patch in the hollow of your left breast... ..as bare as a snail out of its shell. What's that? More riddles? No, my riddling is done. I really must not detain Your Magnificence any longer. Sorry you could not find me. But a fine burglar takes expert catching. Burglar? Burglar! Thief! Fire! Murderer! - We should have gone with him! - To be roasted alive? It's the burglar! Three cheers for good old Bilbo! Thank you! But I'd appreciate a more pragmatic salute. In other words... ..extinguish me! There we go! There we go! Always glad to help a friend. I can't tell you how grateful I am. Never mind that. What did you burgle? This. What's that? Earthquake? Into the secret passage! Our only chance! Barrel-rider! Thieving Lake-man! Your people shall see my vengeance!

The Lake-people are doomed unless... Yes! You, who are a mere thrush, and yet so much more. You have seen Smaug. You know his vulnerable spot! Go now, to Laketown. There is a guardsman, Bard. Tell him! This breeze is strangely warm for autumn. Bard! What's that? The dragon is coming, or I'm a fool! Cut the bridges! To arms! To arms! The dragon! Old Smaug! Awake after all these years! The dragon is coming! Ready? As he passes over... Arrows! Stand your ground. Rearm! Away, you fool bird! Away! You speak? Bilbo Baggins? He found what? Yes! I'll look. Jove! You speak the truth, old thrush! Black arrow, you've never failed me. I've always recovered you. I had you from my father and he from of old. If you came from the true king's forges under the mountain... ...go now and speed well! Now I am king! Stop! There is only one IKing Under the Mountain, and I am he... ...Thorin! Hail Thorin! Hip-hip-hooray! Now, now... ...there's much to be done. We must catalog our wealth. Dear me! And pack it for shipment. Join the fun, Burglar! Part of this is yours! Might be mine! What if Smaug returns? Oh, he's been gone for a week now! Found greener pastures, no doubt. Has this wealth made you mad? We must find our way out of this mountain... ...and see if he's gone, and quickly! According to this map, the main gate lies in this direction. Follow me, gentlemen! Bless my soul. What are they? Is the entire valley floor populated by giant fireflies? Not fireflies, fires! Campfires! Nonsense! Only an army would need that many fires. No, my friend. Two armies! Bard of Laketown? What did you say? Two armies! Smaug is dead. I have slain him. The thrush delivered your message. Really? Splendid news, old fellow. I hoped he would! My people have made me king. IKing? Really? Congratulations! Couldn't happen to a nicer chap. I don't know how to thank you. Our town is destroyed and must be rebuilt. You can thank us by sharing your fortune. Why, of course, of course. There's plenty for all. Wait! The fortune is ours and belongs to dwarves alone! It wouldn't be yours if Smaug still lived. A technicality. - So you brought two armies to take it? - I brought one army. The other is mine! You, who threw us into the dungeon? My people have suffered greatly from the worm through the years. We demand retribution. Never! Why not? There's enough for all in this mountain. It's a matter of principle, of honor! Then tomorrow we take it! We will meet at sunrise on the field of battle. You are hopelessly outnumbered. This is ridiculous! Quiet! What does a burglar know of these matters? Then tomorrow it is! This is deucedly uncomfortable. I'm certain to get a rash. That armor was forged in the foundries of my grandfather. Wear it proudly and it will carry you to victory! Confusticate and bebother victory! My only hope is to be taken prisoner as quickly as possible. Those are the words of a coward. The coward who flushed out Smaug? The coward who saved you time and time again? The coward who always went forward while you cringed behind? You don't see us cringing now, do you? This is madness! Fourteen against ... ...and yet you march off to certain destruction... ...as merrily as if you were on your way to a tea party. Your kind will never understand war, hobbit. This is war. War! Our lookout has spied something! O great IKing Under the Mountain! - Balin, it's only Thorin! - Quiet! - Yes, general? - "General"? Another army approaches from the northeast! An army of our kind. An army of dwarves! - My cousin Dain from the Iron Hills? - None other! Ha! Now we are not outnumbered! Now we have an army! - A battle of three armies? - To war! Onward! Forward! To battle! - Scurvy dwarves! - Thieving dwarves! IKill them! - Chop them! - Take their heads! IKill the men! IKill the elves! Save the gold for

ourselves! I'd rather be back in Hobbiton. - Who's that old man? - Get out of the way! Move, you old fool! Old fool? Gandalf! Halt! I would speak with the kings! Dread has come upon you all! An army of goblins with claim to the treasure comes from the north! Behold! They ride upon wolves! O great Elf King, my truest friend and ally. We must join forces against this kind of scourge. But of course, O noble King Under the Mountain. Your people are like brothers unto mine. My men and all their weapons are as one with yours. Together we will vanquish the foul foe! Together! Thorin is correct. I simply do not understand war. A battle of four armies. One, two, three... Yes, four! Our cause is hopeless! The goblins are too powerful! We'll spill much of their blood before the day's finished! If these be our last moments, let us live them with honor! Hold! All is not lost. The goblins have many enemies. There is yet still another army on the way. The eagles! Five armies now? Mr. Bilbo Baggins, enough is enough. Bombur! You're hurt! I still live. And you? A slight wound. Crack on the head. Out for hours. What happened? We won. Bombur gone too? Of our original how many are left? Seven. And Thorin? Soon there will be only six. I have brought him. Farewell, good thief. I wish to part in friendship... ...and take back my words at the gate. There are many words I would take back also. And does it take this... ...to make us see each other? - Thorin! - Hush. You are no coward, my friend. I am sorry I so named you. - This is not important... - And I was wrong. You did understand war. It was I who did not. Until now. Farewell, King Under the Mountain. Child of the kindly west. I have come to know... ...if more of us valued your ways... ...food and cheer above hoarded gold... ...it would be a merrier world. But sad or merry... ...I must leave it now. - Farewell. - Farewell, Thorin. You take only two tiny bags of gold home with you? Your share was greater. It's all my pony could carry, and it's more than I'll ever need. But you have other prizes. The ring? Oh, yes. I'll keep it as a souvenir, in a glass box on the mantel. And so the prophecies of old have come true. Smaug is gone and the goblins driven away. The dwarves and elves live in peace... ...and the men thrive, multiply and build a civilization. Prophecies! - What? - I had a hand in all that! You disbelieve the prophecies because you helped bring them about? You don't really suppose... ...that all your adventures and escapes were managed by mere luck... ...just for your sole benefit? You're a very fine person, Mr. Baggins. I'm very fond of you... ...but you are only quite a little fellow in a wide world after all. Thank goodness! Yes, you will return to your home... ...place your souvenir ring on your mantel... ...publish your story, which you believe has come to its end... What do you mean, believe has come to an end? It has, hasn't it? Oh, Bilbo Baggins, if you really understood that ring... ...as someday members of your family not yet born will... ...then you'd realize that this story has not ended... ...but is only beginning.

Special help by SergeiK